

# THE LIGUORIAN



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# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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## Gold

Gold is the color of childish hours  
Where the joyful sunbeams seem to meet.  
And storms are light as the sunshine showers  
That dance to the music of little feet.

Gold is fair to the youth and maid  
For it shines so brightly to happy eyes  
And castle walls with its bricks are laid  
In a sweet daydream where the shadow flies.

Gold are the acts of the later years,  
Those acts which spring from the home of love—  
A gentle touch in this vale of tears  
To be writ in the Golden Book above.

Gold shall be that City bright  
When she springs four-square from the hand of God.  
For His Golden Glory shall be her light  
Through the wide-flung gate where the saints have trod.

Gold is the mantle of those who die  
In God's great peace when this life is o'er—  
When the tears of a weary world are dry  
And God is their Father forever more.

—Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.

## Father Tim Casey

### MICKY AND FREDDY AND TONY

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Father Timothy Casey looked up from the stack of school accounts on his desk to see, framed in the doorway, the buxom figure of Mrs. Mulligan—and she bowing her stiffest and stateliest bow.

"I axes yer Reverence's pardon for introodin'"—again the stately bow—"I thrusts yer Reverence will overlook my praysumption, as me business is urgent"—the stately bow a third time.

"Storm signals!" thought Father Casey. "She makes that bow once when she is mad. I recall the day she made it twice; then she was furious. But three times! Whew! We're in for a hurricane."

"I'll not be afther detainin' yer Reverence more nor a minute. 'Tis regarding my boy Micky I wish to spake."

"Aha! That young rascal has been getting into mischief again, has he?" interrupted the priest with a show of levity he was far from feeling.

"Beggin' yer pardon, he has *not*. I would further observe, the implication contained in thim words, 'into mischief *agin'* does not apply to child of mine, being that their home thraining is such as to make thim rispec' themselves and rispec' their naybors."

Father Casey allowed his thoughts to run back to a certain day, three weeks ago, when Mrs. Mulligan had set out in detail the wickedness and perversity of that same Micky. However, he had the good sense not to express his thought by word or sign.

"Rispec' their naybors," she repeated in crescendo, "which is more nor some other mothers done, whose names I could mention, did not charity forbid. I haven't the book larnin' an' mebbe it's mistaken I am entirely. Shure if I am wrong, I am thankful to be tould (God help the man that would tell her), but whin two scallywags of furriners, like Tony Malametti an' Freddy Schwarz, picks on Micky just because he is more intillygint at his books—as are all the people on my side of the house—an' whin they throws him down an' tears his waist an' rubs molasses in his hair, where, I axes, where are we to go for redhress, if the parish priest himself is indifferent to such outrages—at all?"



"I am sure the sisters would look into it," Father Casey temporized.

"The sisthers! The sisthers—an' their highfalutin' notions, indeed! Now if Micky were a 'Tooton' or a 'Latin,' if you plaze, he'd be petted an' coddled enough, I'll go bail. But because he's only a clane, dacent Irish lad, the sisters must punish him, innocent as he is an' lave the rale culprits go."

Father Casey lays no claim to, unwonted bravery, but on this occasion he did a daring thing. He suggested that perhaps Micky, being a boy and only human, might have, in sheer self-defense, suppressed or slightly colored the truth.

"I'd have thim know," she cried in fury, turning her fire upon an invisible enemy, "that the Mulligans are not liars. We may be poor, but we're dacent, thank God. An' whin our own parish priest puts us down as liars—the Mulligans liars!" She burst into a fit of angry sobbing and hurried from the house.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Schwarz's onslaught was slower, steadier, and more methodical, and, for that very reason, more irresistible.

"Vater Cassey, my man giff two hundred dollars for build Catlik school. I send my Freddy to de Catlik school. I pay his books; I pay his dollar effry mont. He have right in Catlik school, ain't it? Den vot for effrybotty chump on him? Vot for?"

"Mrs. Schwarz, I regret this very much. I am sure there must be some misunderstanding."

"I giff my Freddy lonch so he don't got too hungry"—she held to her course without a quaver—"bread mit molasses on. Und dot Hirish Mickay und dot Italish Dony shteal him away. Und ven my Freddy he tell dem dot iss not right, dey trow him down und dey tear his waist and dey beat him op, yet."

"I assure you, Mrs. Schwarz, the sister will look into this."

"De sister vill look into it! Huh, de sister look into it alretty. Und vot she see? Und vot she see? Of course she see dot Mickay and Dony are anchels—und Freddy iss a little devil yet. Und she punish him chust because de odder two day shteal his bread away."

"You should not accuse sister of partiality or injustice," urged the priest. "She tries to be fair with all the children."

"Ya! she dry to be fair mit de Irishers and de Italishers—but mit de poor Cherman childerns it iss different. My Freddy tole me how

many times she punish him ven he was good und know his lesson und effryting."

"I know Freddy is a good boy," returned the priest, approaching the subject cautiously, "but you know boys. Sometimes, in trying to excuse themselves, they say something that is not exactly true."

"Vot! my Freddy tell a lie! From a baby I always teach him to say de troot. My Freddy such a good boy—and I should tink effryting he say iss a lie! My Freddy get op so early in de morning to serve by de altar, und even de priest say my Freddy tell lie!" Big tears rolled down her plump, honest cheeks while Father Casey squirmed in sheer discomfort.

\* \* \*

A baby in her arms, a shawl on her head, and fire in her eye, that is how Mrs. Malametti made her appearance.

"Fada Case',"—he could have heard her with ease a block away—"Fada Case', wassa matta widda sist'? Wassa matta widda school? Da Irisha boy, de Germana boy—dey beat up on my Tony. Dey teara hees wais'. Wassa matta widda sist'?"

"My dear Mrs. Malametti, you know boys must have their sport. And sometimes their clothes get torn."

"You calla dat sporta! Wen da beega Irisha boy an' da beega Germana boy beat up on my poor leetle Tony! Who geeva da mon for buy heem new wais'? Wassa matta widda sist'?"

"The poor sister does all in her power to teach the children to be good. But she cannot follow them all over town to see whether they do as they are told."

"No, she no foll' da Irisha boy; she no foll' da Germana boy; but she foll' my Tony, an' she breeng heem back an' she wheep heem harda. An' he never done notting. He tole me. Data because he Italian. She no lika da Italian."

"Are you sure Tony did nothing? Were you there? Did you see it?"

"I no see eet mysel'. But my Tony he tole me evryting, wen he come home with 'ees wais' all tore, wot cos' me dollar twanty-five, feefty cent."

"Maybe Tony doctored the truth to escape a thrashing."

"Wot? Tony a docta? Me no onnastan'."

"I say, maybe Tony told you a little lie."

"My Tony no say lie. Evertime he say lie, I heet heem good. He no say lie ennymore. He no like de bad 'Merican boy. My Tony good boy. An' da sist' weep heem for notting; an' da priesta say he tell lie. Bah, I'm feenish! I tak' heem out an' send heem on da republican school."

\* \* \*

The distracted priest paced up and down his room.

"Dreadful!" he cried, "a feud between the Irish and the Germans and the Italians! Whatever can I do! Dreadful!"

He paused at the window and gazed aimlessly about. What is that he sees? Three boys, arm in arm, going down the alley on mischief bent. It is Saturday morning with two long days before them with nothing to do. He seems to recognize them. What? He takes off his glasses, wipes the lenses, and looks again. These three affectionate friends are Micky Mulligan, Freddy Schwarz, and Tony Malametti.

It may not be classical English, but—"Well, what do you know about that?" said Father Casey.

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### COMING HOME

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It is significant, to say the least, that the light of the death candle has made the Catholic Faith suddenly attractive and beautiful to the eyes of many.

From Paris comes the account of the death of M. Louis Lacombe. For a long time he was a chief of the radical, anti-clerical party and as such was active both as deputy to the Chamber and as Mayor of Rodez. He took an important part in the passing of the law of the separation of the churches from the state. It was he who inspired the article ordaining the inventory of the possessions of the churches—on the principle that they belonged to the state.

In 1925, M. Lacombe retired from politics. When he felt death approaching he called in a priest, abjured Freemasonry, received the last Sacraments and died a Catholic.

If the Catholic Faith is so good a religion to die in it must also be the best to live in.

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Ridicule is a weak weapon when leveled at strong minds; but common men are cowards and dread an empty laugh.

## The Saint of the Desert

### THE MODERN MIRACLE OF SANCTITY

JOS. K. BAUDENBACHER, C.Ss.R.

In the Linzer Quartalschrift for the third quarter of 1926, we read a striking delineation of the Modern Saint of the Desert. The account is prefaced with a few lines to the effect that this modern martyr has at last found two successors in the work to which he had devoted the last years of his eventful life.

The Modern Saint of the Desert, as he is lovingly called by those who remember him, was none other than the Baron Charles de Foucauld; and his emulators in the eremitical life in the wildest parts of the Great Sahara desert are none other than an admiral, Malcor, of the French fleet and a captain, Henrion, of the French army.

Father Foucauld is not very widely known outside of France. There he is best known on account of a biography written by the almost incomparable René Bazin. True, he had received notice even in Germany, but that was in other days and other times, and for other reasons.

In youth, our hero who was born September 15, 1858, at Strassbourg of a noble family, gave promise of little or next to nothing. When still quite young he lost the Faith of his fathers. As a scholar he was so lazy that he was dismissed from every school to which he was sent. When out of sheer boldness he presented himself for the examination for a lieutenancy in the army—he was passed because they could do nothing else. Yet, hardly was he wearing the insignia of his lieutenancy, when he was also the much admired plaything of the worst of human beings. His conduct became so boisterous that no one would even so much as rent him a room. Finally his superior officers were forced to act. Charles was sent to Algiers. Yet, in spite of the all too great leniency of the French army officers, he went to such lengths in his excesses that even there they had to interfere. Angry because reprimanded, he deserted the army. Being of a restless nature and seeking nothing but adventure, he soon returned to the army because there was to be an expedition against one of the rebellious Mohammedan tribes in Africa. In the campaign against Marabut Bu Amama he played the hero's part more than once. He really was wonderful in his daring exploits. The end of the campaign found him asking leave to make

an expedition into southern Algeria for the purpose of exploring the land. Denied this, he again left the army. This scion of a noble family who could brook no restraint would explore the deserts of Morocco.

He dared not go into this territory as a Christian. That meant almost instant death. Hence he would make the journey as a Jew. Putting forth his best energy he soon mastered the Arabic as well as the Jewish languages. In 1883 he began his explorations. This period of his life was one of constant dangers of every imaginable kind. And on many occasions even his adeptness at deception did not help him. The Jews were quick to realize that he was not one of their race. On another occasion he was recognized by a former friend, a young Marabut, as a Christian. And the only thing that then saved his life was the free and open confession that he was such. Often he was overtaken and captured by bands of nomads; yet, each time he managed to escape safely. No one can tell the many dangers which befell him and which he so successfully combated.

Suddenly he returned home. And daring to write his experiences he found himself almost over night one of the world's famous men. In France, in England, in Germany his book was welcomed as the best that had ever appeared about this little known portion of the earth. "No modern traveller even approaches the precision of the observations of this de Foucauld. The earlier tales and descriptions are like child's work compared with his." Such was the expressed opinion of competent critics. And what did he achieve by his writing? He had prepared France's campaign's against Morocco. In 1885 we find him again at his work of explorer. This time it is southern Algeria. Thereupon he comes again to Paris. But he is a changed man. Gay Paris no longer attracts him as of yore. His soul is in a turmoil; it is restive. In all his campaigns and all his travels in the desert regions of Africa he had everywhere observed how firmly and tenaciously the Mohammedan clings to his faith. The Jews of those regions too, were firm in the Faith of their Fathers—despite the worst kinds of persecution.

Already he had planned to join the religion of Mohammed when he chanced upon the Abbé Huvelin. Huvelin had an uncanny knack of reading a man's innermost thoughts. He read Foucauld's very soul. And, strange as it may seem, this wild and riotous man allowed himself

to be led by the kind and generous Abbé. Without hesitation he, Foucauld, set himself to the task of making a General Confession. And then with all the ardor of his impetuous nature he embraced the religion of his forefathers till religion became a passion with him.

What was he to do now? Needless to say, advice from friends as to his future career was not wanting. The best part of all this advice was, that he go back to the explorations he had commenced and complete his work. Thus, they argued, would he establish an undying fame for himself and for his noble family. Besides, they continued, he would thus confer untold benefits on mankind. It was surely an alluring prospect. Yet, the example of the steadfastness in their religion shown by Mohammedans and Jews in those places he had visited had had a telling effect. His innermost soul was moved. He had discovered a different world altogether; that inner world of the soul; that world which surpasses senses and understanding.

The 17th of January, 1890, saw him rapping at the door of the Trappist-Abbey of Notre Dame des Neiges. He was indeed a tired pilgrim who stood at the portal and begged admission. The Abbot, in person, well instructed by letters of introduction, met him at the door. Asked what he was able to do, Charles de Foucauld meekly answered: "Not very much." "Can you read?" and he answered: "A little." The Abbot realized from such answers as these that the Baron, the former officer in the army, the renowned African explorer, but now the humble postulant, had left at the entrance all his honors and titles and was entering the cloister with an unusual humility. The name Brother Alberic was given him as he commenced his novitiate in this strictest of orders. The mortifications and acts of self-denial demanded of the postulant in this novitiate were easy for him; he had been schooled in a harder school than even this novitiate. And in order to be able to live in still greater poverty and to enjoy still greater mortifications he begged to be sent to an Abbey in Syria. The Novice-master, who had held this responsible position for almost half a century, acknowledged that he had never met a soul so absolutely given to God and God's cause as Brother Alberic. His ideal was: to go to the utmost limit of self-denial; to see no more and to know no more of the world. He would have nothing now that could or would tie him in any way to the world. In September, 1896, he was transferred to the Abbey of Staboueli in Algiers. Yet, the desert was drawing him. So alluring

were the prospects of a still more mortified life in those sandy wastes that he was coming to the conclusion of asking for a dispensation from his obligations as a monk: the strictest order was—hear and wonder—not strict enough! Its poverty was not rigorous enough nor its chances for self-denial and humiliation great enough for this select soul! The Abbot-General took the petition to the Holy Father, Leo XIII. Pope Leo answered that Brother Alberic should be given three years in which to meditate on his proposed life and then to decide. During these three years Brother Alberic served as servant with the Poor Clares at Nazareth. He was content to subsist on a meagre allowance of bread and fruit which was doled out to him every day. His work was that of gardener, sexton and general all-around man of the place. And despite his hard and fatiguing work he still had many a morsel of that which he himself should eat for the poor. His clothing was so poor, that even the street-Arabs often called him "The Fool." And in all of this he found great joy. His dwelling was small and could better serve as shelter for cattle than for a human being. His bed was a hard board. Letters he wrote during these three years breathe a spirit of entire resignation to the Holy Will of God. One day one of the nuns advised him to be ordained a priest. He determined he would. He left the holy place, Nazareth, and was ordained in 1901 in France. Often during the days of preparation for the Holy Priesthood he thinks of his future. And the more he thinks the more do the abandoned souls inhabiting the world's most uninviting land seem to cry out to him for help. He returns to the desert. This time it is not the adventurer and explorer, but the zealous seeker of souls. Brother Charles of Jesus lands in the oasis of Beni Abbes. He builds a chapel by the labor of his own hands. And his order of the day is astoundingly severe. At midnight he rises from sleep and recites the Breviary. The rest of the day is spent in meditation and in the quest for souls. Barley bread, a little fruit and tea—rendered most unpalatable by additions of herbs, etc.—are his daily nourishment. To be all things to all men—to be the saving brother of the Moslem; his ideal! And, strange to say, the rough uncouth sons of the desert honor him, even love him. Again we read in his diary of the aspirations of his soul. They indicate a soul far advanced in the way of sanctity. They reveal the closest, most intimate union of his soul with his Maker. Yet, even the deprivations of this lonely place and



the lonesomeness of his life is not enough for him. He desires even greater abandonment by men. He had become acquainted with the Tuaregs. Never had there been a Christian missionary among them. Their place of abode had never been visited—so inaccessible was it. High up in the Hoggar Mountains Brother Charles built a hut for himself. This place a mile higher than sea-level is literally "burnt out" by the hot desert sun and the equally hot glare reflected by sand and rock. Now he is a real hermit. He finds supreme delight in the place he has chosen—so far away from men and the influence of the world. The people around him are wild—and suspicious. Yet he does not anticipate any trouble from them. Again he becomes the friend and brother of the Moslem. His one and almost only consoling thought now is: there is at least one soul between the southernmost mission in the Sahara, El Golea, and Timbuctoo—a vast stretch indeed—that loves and adores God. One priest of the Most High to offer the clean oblation every day in that vast unknown and uncharted region! And that priest pleased with the sufferings and sorrows of his loneliness! A hero indeed!

The life of Brother Charles of Jesus in this place is in many respects a repetition of the life led in the former oasis. Here, too, the unlearned barbarians come to him for consolation in their sorrows; they approach him to learn from him what he is able to impart—especially the knowledge of the great and good God; they bring to him their sick and he does all he can to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate; he translates the Gospels into the language of the wild mountaineers. He is the poorest among the poor. He divides his little with those who often have less. And these wild nomads are in wonderment at him; they take his instructions; some follow him in his ways. He is revered as a Saint. And the reputation of this saintly man as well as the cures of the ailments which he effected at different times draw all hearts to him. His influence is immense. And the impossible, according to men's estimate, happened when these same nomads settled around his little hut in permanent abode.

Father Charles sowed the seed of the Gospel and began to believe that he was about to see the fruits of his indefatigable labors, when the World War broke out. Like a thunderstorm in midsummer, furious and destructive, this conflagration spread even to the innermost parts of this vast unknown region. The wildest parts of the Hoggar regions



were penetrated as if they were in the midst of the lands that now were at each other's throats. The Senussi, one of the wild tribes around Father Charles, were allies of the Central Powers. Father Charles was French. And the Senussi misled the friendly Tuaregs to attack everything French. Now was the time to strike. Father Charles, who had so often expressed a desire to die a martyr's death, was sacrificed. December first, 1916, he fell under the murderous fire of the Senussi. Now there is an almost constant stream of pilgrims to his grave: Moslems and Christians alike go there to pray; Moslems and Christians alike go there confidently expecting help through the intercession of Father Charles!

Such is in short the life course of a modern Saint of the desert region of Africa. Like those early hermits, SS. Anthony, Paul, Macarius, Mary of Egypt and so many others, in his manner of life he yet surpassed many of them in the severe and rigorous fasts and penances which he practiced. Such a life in our times, when the tendency of a mocking world is—to scorn and to ridicule as fairy tales the stories of the Early Fathers of the Desert!

Again, the reflection is forced on us: How different one from the other are the Saints of God!

The Church is indeed like a fertile meadow filled with flowers; every variety grows and thrives in her soil. Let fanatics and bigots laugh and rail all they want. The Church still presents to their minds flowers as varied as are the subject of this short sketch with all his enthusiasm for self-denial and mortification, and Bernadette of Lourdes; as different as this man of the wilds of Africa and the tender Soeur Theresa of Lisieux—the Little Flower!

Star differeth from star. So do the Saints of God. It is always true: *Mirabilis Deus in Sanctis suis!*—God is wonderful in his Saints.

And now there are two others following in the footsteps of the erstwhile Charles of Foucauld—to reap what he has sown!

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An alms given with a kind word is at the same time an act of charity and a caress. It is as though a coin and a flower fell from your hand at the same time.

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You can't learn to win until you learn to lose. Temporary failure is like a paralysis from which many a full-winged success has soared.

## And Now They Whisper Saint

### CHAP. XI. AFTER NINETEEN YEARS

C.Ss.R.

"But thou of temples old, or altars new,  
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—  
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true."—*Byron.*

Down on the company's books she was listed as the steamer *Union*, and the doubting had to believe it (just as the blind could almost see it) in the monstrous letters rioting across her bow. Still, some of those aboard were aware that one Shakespeare had, these three hundred years back, set the world stroking its chin and looking thoughtful by a casual "What's in a name, anyhow?" And the other half of the passenger list certainly needed no literary education to be skeptical at the appropriateness of the name *Union* in a ship whose every creaking timber shrilly threatened instant and absolute secession. But the transatlantic voyagers didn't discover that till one night out of somewhere a storm swooped down on them. By the end of the storm most of the passengers were convinced that the deluge was just a kind of ragged rehearsal for this, the real thing.

But now the storm-clouds had drawn off and the rain-columns marched away to the boom of the thunder's drum. And the *Union* that had beat its way gallantly through the gray watery hills, now steamed majestically across the heaving blue, tossing showers of melting diamonds with lavish indifference from her prow. But while such gems might fascinate the gaze of Young Wild-eye, the poet, your jeweler would gruntingly pass them by for a stone that gleamed from the rail. At least it *seemed* to gleam from there; in reality, of course, it flashed from a hand that gripped the rail. The owner fixed two steady, absorbed eyes on the jewel. But he wasn't looking *at* it. He was looking *through* it—down a long vista of nineteen years.

"Nineteen miles from Havre, Bishop!" The alert young officer, on his way aft, paused to smile sociably. Neumann started, forced a pleasant smile, and chanced an apropos answer: "Why, yes—er—just nineteen years." The smile on the officer's face froze. He immediately remembered he had most urgent business aft. "Seasickness," he muttered to himself, "some of them *never* recover."

Meanwhile Neumann, unaware that his case had been examined, diagnosed, and listed with the incurables, was absentmindedly gazing

into his ring with all the absorption of a magician studying a crystal globe. For in the flashing stone he saw a picture. A young man, a deacon, beginning a voyage to a far land. Not a friend on the boat. No definite prospects. The youth feels the boat moving. Havre fades away through a mist of tears. But the youth stiffens, spins around, bravely faces the vessel's prow and the wilderness of water ahead. To America! Westward ho!

And now it is nineteen years later. Again aboard ship, with the blue waters racing past the rail. Havre and the headlands of France will soon climb above the sea. And the deacon is a bishop—bishop of a great American see. Friendless? He has more friends than he can count. Definite prospects? Rather; he is bound for Rome at the formal invitation of the Pope.

And Neumann, gazing on the ring, kissed it—not in heady elation but in sober gratitude; for God had found him his place. And he prayed for deep humility, that his heart might beat no higher for the pectoral cross that hung upon it.

And then to Rome—City of the Caesars, tomb of paganism, throne of the Popes, pulsing heart of the Catholic world. The history of Neumann's Roman sojourn is the history of two different men. The one was a magnificent prelate; the other a humble pilgrim. The prelate went abroad in majestic purple; the pilgrim plodded the streets in patched black. The prelate rode to the Vatican; the pilgrim walked to the Catacombs. The Pope and Cardinals held converse with the Man in Purple; the Man in Black muttered to himself over some old bones or a shred of faded linen in a dark, shadowy church. The Man in Purple was Neumann, the Bishop—the man he had to be; the Man in Black was Neumann, the Redemptorist—the man he wished to be, and the man he became as often as stiff Roman etiquette permitted him to doff episcopal robes.

The brightest hour of those sunny Italian days, and the dearest picture they contributed to Memory's oft-paged album, was the memorable eighth of December, 1854. Neumann, like his brother bishops, brought home a souvenir of that glorious day—a silver medal presented by the Pope. It represents Pius IX, solemnly defining the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. But to describe the day from the medal were to write the life of the ocean from a shell. Before this the eighth of December had meant as little as the eighteenth does

now; but in the year 1854, Pius IX, majestically enthroned in St. Peter's, chose the eighth of December from the marching ranks of the days, promoted it to the service of Mary, made it one of the Queen's own guard, gave it her banner and bade it bear that pennon high till Time should march no more. And today as often as the eighth of December passes by with banner streaming and "Mary conceived without sin" blazoned on its folds, the whole Catholic world draws itself up in loving, reverent salute.

And oh the joy that danced in Neumann's heart on that first glorious feast of the Immaculate Conception! To be one of the picturesque assemblage of prelates gathered about the throne of Peter, one of the thousands on thousands of children come from the North and the South, the East and the West to exult in the triumph of *Mother!* Lights blazed by the myriad but he saw them not; the choir was chanting, but he did not hear. His whole soul was riveted on Mary, Mary Immaculate—God's Mother and his:

"Sweet stem to that rose Christ, who from the earth  
Suck'st our poor prayers, conveying them to Him."

"Thank God," he wrote, "thank God I have been in Rome for this day."

Neumann, it will be remembered, was born in the quaint Bohemian town of Prachatitz—or, if your tongue be nimble and your taste run in favor of consonants, you may adopt the more redoubtable version of Prachatic. Thither Neumann journeyed from Rome. Why cross half the face of Europe and visit the romantic little town with the cascading name? Why did Mary leave Nazareth and go up into the hill country to visit Elizabeth? Why do scattered sons and daughters travel hundreds of miles to be home for Christmas? All the world knows the answer—love. And that same warm love made Neumann long to see his good old father. How the saints have been slandered in the coldness, the sternness, the stiffness so often imputed to them! If your saint ever looked like that, it was in his casket. Or perhaps in his statue on a pedestal—but don't blame him for the statue. Probably he's waiting for the sculptor himself.

Plunge a brush into a pot of black paint, streak it across the smiling lips of a fine portrait, and you have the life of a saint with the human element repressed. No wonder such a forbidding, distorted image doesn't appeal! Show us St. Aloysius the mortified Angel, but don't

draw the curtain over Aloysius flying into the arms of his plump aunt. Paint the Little Flower as the austere Carmelite, but don't forget her losing heart at the very convent gate. For it is the human that attracts; it is the human that awakens in a man the possibility of imitating the saints. Show him the saint laugh and cry and hope and fear and worry—and he sees himself. He had always thought of the saints as a different kind of beings—like angels or Martians for instance. For all practical purposes he believed that some marvelously potent angel, passing by a thousand cradles, had bent over one, kissed the squirming bundle of baby in it—and lo! your saint was started on his journey. Of course the average layman will disclaim such a picture, will resent it as an utterly wild portrayal of his view of halos in the making. But if you could get him to admit it, deep down in his heart he holds that saints, like poets, are born, not made. That ordinary men and saints come like seeds; some will be roses and some will be radishes. All because the seeds are essentially different.

An easy, pleasant theory. Reassuring to uneasy indolence. Appealing with the appeal of a hammock. It saddles the burden, the necessity of striving for sanctity, on the other fellow—the supposedly born saint. But it has a trifling drawback. It is false. We and the saints are not essentially different. What's that Shakespeare said about there being only a snip of the shears between us? In all probability you have a double in the Calendar of the Saints—your double in temperament, in talent—and perhaps in occupation. Saints have soldiered in the field, like Sebastian and Martin; they have cobbled shoes like Crispian; they have baked bread, like Clement Hofbauer; they have left the world and vowed virginity like St. Clare and they have stayed in the world and raised a family like St. Margaret. Few intellects ever blazed with the brilliance of St. Thomas Aquinas; the sainted Curé d' Ars barely passed his examinations. St. Francis Assisi was a romantic nature-lover; St. Bernard, a hard-headed, strictly business type, saw the flowery fields as so many acres.

And so on. Any state in life, any normal temperament, any honest occupation is soil rich enough to sprout the flower of sanctity. Sainthood is like an umbrella; it fits anybody. So let's be honest about it. Let's admit that we all have the goods; the trouble is we haven't got the grit.

And all the while Neumann is rolling ahead in the rattling stage

coach toward Prachatitz! And we, who should be at his side, have lagged behind, like a pilgrim that pauses by a wayside shrine to ponder and to pray while our comrades march on. Well we have tried to think ourselves some straight, honest thoughts, not flattering but incisive; and now when the far-away look goes out of our eyes and we search the stretch of road before us, Neumann is lost to view. So we know little of his journey. But we have heard that the episcopal traveler traveled anything but episcopally; that he slipped off his ring, pocketed his pectoral cross, and passed for the poor priest he would have wished to be. It is easy to imagine him chatting genially with some burly peasant as the heavy, rumbling coach bore them—or bounced them—to their destination. Perhaps in a lull in the conversation, when the whirring wheels seem very loud and the steady hoofs ring sharp against the stone, the peasant removes his long, curled pipe and timidly asks whence His Reverence hails. "His Reverence" looks up with laughing eyes and in an offhand, deprecating way says: "Oh, Philadelphia." And the peasant shuts his eyes and puffs thoughtfully at his pipe. Philadelphia—he had never heard tell of that village. Well, an old man couldn't be expected to know the whole continent of Europe. Perhaps his son would know. Hans knew most everything. If he remembered the name, he would ask. Probably it was only another sleepy little hamlet tucked away in the Alps.

Neumann was traveling to his home city quietly. He planned to enter it quietly, like a ship slipping into port under cover of black night. But Rumor that can outstrip the Twentieth Century found little difficulty outdistancing a lumbering stage coach. It spread its wings and flashed ahead like a bird; and like a bird it sang its song as it flew. The result was that when the Bishop reached the town just before Prachatitz, an enthusiastic committee of honest burghers greeted him royally, packed him into a sleigh and brought him merrily on to the city of his birth. Under the ancient gate they flew, and a bewildered Neumann started to see that it was gay with rippling bunting. Roman conquerors have passed under grander arches but it is doubtful if they ever received a warmer ovation. Here was a native son come home a bishop, and the townspeople meant to celebrate the day in true Bohemian style. Wild cheering rose and swelled like waves of the ocean; round upon round of cannon shot burst on the air and died rumbling away; sextons tugged at bell-ropes with a lusti-

ness generally reserved for the coronation of an emperor; and the bells, seeming to sense that this was a day of days, danced and clapped wildly in their lofty towers. A bandmaster snapped his baton, and the civic band blared a crashing serenade of welcome that all but sent the snow sliding from the housetops—forcing the hearer to admit that though any one of a thousand bands might have rendered the piece more harmoniously, certainly none could have rendered it more loudly. Even at that there was a pathetic look in the leader's eye, and his flying baton pleaded with his underlings to show their worth:

"Now crack thy lungs and split thy brazen pipe;

Blow villain . . . come stretch thy chest

And let thy eyes spout blood; thou blowest for Hector."

By this time the sleigh, with its committee looking very impressive and its guest looking very overwhelmed, must glide to a stop from sheer necessity of the jubilant throng that walled about it. And then and there began as queer and quaint a reception as was ever given to mortal eyes to behold. It was the welcome of a small town to a big man; the colorful pride of an Old World town, the wild throb of her maternal heart, the warm embrace of her motherly arms about a son that had shed honor on her name. There were withered old men who came hobbling up to the carriage on sturdy black canes and who stooped just a little lower to kiss the Bishop's ring, and then limped back tugging ferociously at silken white beards and shaking their heads doubtfully as though they couldn't believe it at all. "Johnnie Neumann, the slip of a lad, come back a grand bishop!" And there were wrinkled old crones who crept up and bobbed a quaint little curtsy and ventured a toothless smile that somehow lost its way and turned out to be a sob. There were towering, broad-shouldered giants, men who had sat beside Neumann in school and fished beside him in the murmuring stream, and who now shouldered their way forward and took his hand in a grip of steel and pressed twitching lips against his ring. The blacksmith was there from his forge, the baker from his oven, and a yellow gleam of tape measure still streamed from the tailor's pocket.

But where was the face Neumann had journeyed all the way from Rome to see? A head bent over and whispered something in the Bishop's ear. Neumann nodded, sprang from the sleigh and followed his guide, the happy crowd tagging at his heels. They stopped before



a plain little cottage, simple and unadorned, save that over its head was flung a hood of snow clasped in front with a chain of flashing icicles. For a moment the Bishop paused, head back, lips parted, eyes shining like stars. This was home, *home!* The door opened slowly. A venerable, manly form looked out on the throng; a breath of wind lifted up a silver strand and stopped to play with it; a big tear glistened against the grained face. The stooped figure straightened up; the cane dropped with a rattle to the floor; the trembling arms went out. And with a little cry Neumann flung himself into them; and heart to heart and cheek to cheek, father and son, widely known bishop and unknown old man, compassed in one indescribable embrace the affection of nineteen absent years.

The throng was touched to silence. This was a sacred moment; they stood on holy ground—before the inviolate sanctuary of love. A woman sobbed, whispered something, and in the tense stillness the whisper rang out like a trumpet-call: "Oh, if only his Mother were here!" Neumann heard, started, stared unseeingly ahead. Then his eyes lifted heavenward; a little radiant smile played on his lips, and he pointed above: "Mother's up there," he said quietly, "up there with God and Mary. And she's smiling down on us now."

A few days later he visited that Mother's grave. A giant blizzard was staggering through the town, screaming shrilly as he rattled his fist against the window-panes and shook the frightened trees till they moaned. Outdoors was a dizzy whirling world of white. They asked the bishop to take a sleigh—a grand, enclosed sleigh. But when he answered by a strange, uncomfortable smile, they did not press it. He spoke no word, yet the proposers withdrew ashamed of their proposal. For in their ears there hummed a murmur, "What! Visit my Mother's grave in a sleigh of state! Is that the way Love does it?"

And so he plodded out, out through the swirling drifts and under the driving sleet, to God's own acre beyond the city's gates. And in Prachatitz you trudge many a weary mile before you come to the gathering-place of the dead. And when you reach it, if it is winter, you see only a sprinkling of crosses heaped high with the snows. But Neumann was fortunate. A roaring gale, brusque but kindly, growling meaninglessly as he worked, had swept much of the snow from one little mound. Mother's grave. Slowly he sank to his knees, thinking his thoughts and praying his prayers. The little cross cased in gleam-



ing ice suggested a jewel-hilted sword plunged into the frosty soil; Neumann knelt beside it, another Arthur. So your poet might see the scene; but if he saw this and saw no more, he saw little. It was a man's love, a saint's love for the Mother that bore him; it was the son kneeling beside the Mother's grave, as the Mother had knelt beside the son's cradle; it was a heart throbbing in anguish for a heart that would throb no more. A scene for a master painter; but if your master would paint it, tell him to dip his brush into hot, blinding tears and the blood of a bleeding heart. For saints love strongest.

A few mornings later. The darkness before dawn still packing the crooked streets. Up above, the stars, lying on the sky like a tangled rosary, here a knotted cluster, there a glittering loop. The earliest burghers still snuggling under the bright-patterned quilts, "their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishlest dreams." A sleigh draws up before the Neumann cottage. The cottage door opens, a square of yellow light with two figures silhouetted against it. A handgrasp, an embrace, a choking farewell, and one of them walks slowly to the waiting sleigh. He waves his hand, calls out something to the old man in the doorway, but in the speaking his voice breaks and the sleigh whistles down the road in a flurry of flying snow.

Father and son would next meet in a land where farewells are never spoken.

Why the secret departure in the wee hours of the morning? Humility was stealing a march on public esteem. Neumann was splendidly sensible about these demonstrations. When an ovation was accorded him, he accepted it with a courtly grace that gratified the givers. But if he had his way, the throngs would never have gathered nor the pompous orator ever have cleared his throat. That was why he was even now speeding through the sleeping city. When it stirred and rubbed its drowsy eyes, it would find the nest bare and its brilliant bird flown. A piece of strategy humbly reminiscent of Napoleon, but exercised to escape glory—which is by no means reminiscent of Napoleon.

And now the sleigh was speeding through the city gates, the same gates he had passed through when he left home in—why it was just nineteen years ago yesterday! He had not stolen away under cover of darkness then. Little enough need. He had swung along in broad daylight for there were few to notice and fewer to care and none to

interpose. This morning he was slipping out of the city again, slipping out as quietly as nineteen years ago—though the city would have gladly escorted him out with a trailing cavalcade of sleighs.

You see Neumann didn't change much. Time plucked him from obscurity, robed him in purple, sent men to make him silvery speeches and the multitude to applaud. But Time, changing the background, couldn't change Neumann. Humble as an unknown young deacon, he was humble as a lionized bishop.

Which is just a new verse to our old song—that you can become a saint in any state of life. In *your* state of life. Just as you can become an expert at your particular job. Only it takes work.

(*To be Continued.*)

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### THE FRUIT OF ONE GOOD LIFE

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She and her husband are employed at the home—the summer home—of a wealthy Catholic family from the neighboring city. Neither of them was a Catholic up to a few years ago. The life of the Mistress was such a beautiful and consistently Christian one that the woman who worked for her was led to ponder over the matter. What was it, she asked herself, that could produce such fruit in character and conduct? The conviction finally came that it must be the religion that the lady professed. So the employee began to study that religion. Result: somewhat to her Mistress' surprise she announced her intention of becoming a Catholic. And it didn't end there. The husband and children became Catholics too.

That is what the unconscious example of one good woman has done. Today that Catholic family form part and sinew of the little works and models for those who, though brought up in the Faith, are perhaps less mindful than they of its privileges and responsibilities.

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The great Pope Leo XIII one day said: "Nothing encourages the evil-minded so much as the weakness of decent people." Does this apply to your vote?

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Two of the worst offenders in society are: indifference and inconsistency.

## A Lay Retreat for the Deaf

### A DEAF-MUTE

This happened to be a case of: "We shall show them what we can do—that given the same opportunities we can do as well and sometimes even better than our hearing fellowmen." I am a deaf-mute and I am very tired of trying to have my hearing fellowmen see the truth that I am only a normal person, who has lost my hearing so completely that I cannot now direct my organs of speech. I have the same mind, the same talent, the same feelings and the same character that I had before I lost my hearing and subsequently my speech. My character, however, might have become more impatient by reason of the way I am misjudged by the hearing people. Of course, my face might appear blank at times, but so would yours, if surrounded by persons speaking an unknown tongue, you would not know whether it was time to laugh or cry, or whether the laugh is on you, or about something else.

When I lost my hearing, my parents wished me to finish my education in an oral school for the deaf, desiring me to keep what spoken language I had, but afterwards they met pupils from those schools in which the sign language also was used to hasten and perfect their education, and saw that the pupils from those schools could speak and read the lips as well and even better than I could sometimes do. My parents, therefore, sent me to one of these schools to complete my education.

Nowadays we hear or rather we read so much about the retreats to lay people. I determined to make one for myself. However, it was useless. It was the same there as at missions and other exercises in the churches; I could read only some of the words on the speaker's lips, and his gestures would help at times, but most of it had to be merely guesswork, and even the thread of the thought was lost to me entirely. I gave up all idea of laymen retreats as far as I was concerned. Last month I saw a notice in "The Silent Advocate" that there would be a retreat for the deaf lay people at Saint Rita School, Lockland, Cincinnati, Ohio, and at such reasonable rates that I decided at once to go to Lockland for the retreat. I thought that we would be doing well if we should have at most twelve deaf adults traveling so

far to make a retreat. By the time we began the retreat the following were present: Henry Homan, Cincinnati; Thomas Serrage, Cincinnati; George Casey, Cincinnati; William Hornung, Cincinnati; Herbert Hermann, Greenville, Ohio; John Pluchel, Alliance, Ohio; Russell Todd, Nashville, Tennessee; William Baker, Nashville, Tennessee; James De Molet, Lynn Haven, Florida; Howard Kelly, Rushville, Indiana; John Jaworek, Chicago, Illinois; Frank Daniels, Cincinnati; Mayre Fisher, Cincinnati; Miss Stephanie Imbus, Newton, Ohio; Mrs. Sarah Hills, Cincinnati; Miss Genevieve Carrothers, Cincinnati; Miss Clara Hackman, Cincinnati; Miss Eva Hall, Cincinnati; Miss Marie Frederick, Cincinnati; Miss Roumilda Bischoff, Morris, Indiana; Miss Matilda Appleman, Decatur, Indiana; Miss Mary Caulfield, Louisville, Kentucky; Miss Gertrude Fischang, Cincinnati; Miss Carrie Rafferty, Louisville, Kentucky.

The retreat began Wednesday night. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday we had two meditations and three conferences every day, and on Sunday morning we had the closing of the retreat. The only way a stranger could tell that the retreatants were deaf was by attending the sermons. Even then one might err, for some speaking and hearing persons who happened to know the sign language were attending the conferences. If any one were to ask me how I could tell that the retreatants were not hearing and speaking persons, I would be tempted to say that it was from the fact that they were so collected and earnest during the entire time of the retreat. At the beginning, the priest who conducted the retreat, Father Higgins, a Redemptorist, said that he was proud and glad of the chance of showing hearing priests and people that we deaf could do as well as others. We showed him that we could and can do better. I often wonder why other priests do not learn the sign language; it is so easy to learn and such a delight to use.

#### THE HEARING AND THE DEAF

The annual retreat of the Sisters of the Pious Union of Our Lady of Good Counsel at St. Rita Convent, Lockland, Cincinnati, Ohio, was preached this year by the Rev. Dan. D. Higgins, C.Ss.R. Since this community is composed of hearing, hard of hearing and deaf nuns, many might think that this retreat would be different from and more difficult than a retreat given to nuns that hear. However, this retreat was just the same as any other good retreat. Retreats are given in the

English and the sign language. Though almost all of the deaf members of the community are accomplished oralists and very good lip-readers, their acquired knowledge of the sign language made it possible for them to understand readily and clearly all the conferences and meditations without all that straining and guessing on their part and the constant repetition on the part of the speaker which is the case when lip-readers try to understand any public speaking. It was a pleasure to be engaged in impressing on the minds of these nuns in the English and the sign language the principles of asceticism and the rules of the spiritual life. In retreats to nuns in other convents all do not hear because some are so deaf that they cannot hear the loudest speaking, and should one speak sufficiently loud for the deafest to hear the others would be deafened. Some of the recently admitted deaf postulants could not understand because it is impossible to speak sufficiently loud to make all the deaf hear. This is not a great difficulty, however, because the sign language is learned so quickly and so easily.

When one thinks of the success of this retreat in making all understand by the use of the signs, one thinks why do not all the really deaf nuns, and other persons too, learn the signs and then gather together to have some one versed in the language give them the benefit of retreats or missions. They learn other languages for this purpose. Priests also can easily learn the language of the signs with more ease and also more quickly than they learn other languages for the same purpose. Persons who are unacquainted with the language or who are prejudiced against it overlook the fact that it is a graceful, beautiful, expressive and powerful language.

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There is only one real power in this world for man or woman—the power given by character; it carries far more weight with it than does talent. The man or woman, however humble, who cultivates unswerving goodness is sure to become a center and a factor in the lives of others.

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The price of great graces is humiliations, the Royal Way of the Cross. They are precious drops from the chalice of Our Lord's Blood.

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Generosity is the sister of Charity; it destroys hatred and preserves love.

## One Big Night AND SHIPS PASSING

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

The nurses' waiting room at Harbor Hospital was a scene of excitement. Nurses fluttered about in their gayest and flimsiest party gowns; here and there they clustered in excited conversation; there was evidence enough of some big event. It was, in fact, the night of the Union Ball, the annual affair between the nursing staffs of Harbor Hospital and Emergency Hospital—the social event of the year. Between powdering their noses and dabbing their lips and exclaiming about gowns and looking anxiously out of the windows and listening for the sound of the welcome horn announcing the arrival of their escorts, they had all the joy of anticipation.

"Here's Mildred!" exclaimed one of the girls. There was a sudden hush as every girl turned toward the door. There stood a girl who somehow seemed to queen it over all. There was nothing particularly remarkable about her. True, her dark brown hair was rich and tastily marcelled; her features were straight and her face more round than oval; her shoulders squared, her figure boyish, her limbs athletic; her bearing straight and graceful; she was rather small. But from her dark eyes flashed personality. It was Mildred Hall. For a moment she stood there demurely and surveyed the girls with a look that defied analysis.

"Hello, girls," she said gayly.

"Hello, Mildred!" they replied in chorus. At once she laid aside all demureness and the thoughts that seemed to sober her, and became the life of the gathering.

"Oh, boy!" she cried as she danced about, "won't this be one big night!" She seemed to throw her whole soul into the anticipation of pleasure. Evidently this girl did nothing by halves.

"Mildred," said Jeanette Ormond as the girl stopped her dance, "you look simply grand! That dress becomes you wonderfully. Your eyes are just glistening! And with that silver gray coat and that silver gray hat you look just like a millionaire!"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Mildred Hall. She was pleased with the com-

pliment but in a very artless way. "Don't flatter me like that; am I not proud enough?"

"You'll make him fall, all right!" chimed in Grace Cochrane, a very worldly minded girl, highly colored and daringly dressed. "I see a diamond," she continued, as she patted her ring finger. "Pretty sweet!" she purred.

"Make whom fall?" asked Mildred somewhat warmly. Over her care-free face there flashed a shadow, it seemed—just a sudden fading of the brightness from her eyes and a twitch of the lips as if she experienced sudden pain.

"Don't pretend, now, Mildred," replied the other shaking her finger at her laughingly; "we're on to you! Why, Jack Ferring, of course. Who else cut in on you almost every second dance last week and the week before? I suppose he'll be here any minute for you."

"He will not be here for me," answered Mildred with some warmth. "You see, you are all wrong!"

"Why—why—" asked several breathlessly; "is it all off?"

"Yes, it is; it's all off, as you say," she replied slowly.

"What's the matter?" asked some. "Just a lovers' quarrel?" He'll get over that soon, if he sees you tonight," comforted others.

"No," said Mildred. "This is a case of incorrigible bullheadedness. He's a Catholic—one of those hardheaded ones. When he found out that I was none, he put it straight to me, as he said: Either I must try to see his religion or he would go forever. Will I be dictated to? Not that I know of, I said—go! If you can be hardheaded, so can I. Bert Hocking is coming for me, if you want to know."

"I wish the boys would come!" exclaimed someone; "why, it's time we were on our way."

Just then Fern Carroll came rushing into the room.

"Girls, hustle," she whispered excitedly; "slip out! There's a case came in just now—a bad one—a girl, I believe—and the superintendent will be sure to make one of us stay. Why don't those boys come! I'm going."

"So am I!" said others. "Let's get while we can!" said the rest, as they made for the door.

"Here she comes," exclaimed Jeanette, who seemed to be more intimate with Mildred. "Come on, Mildred, let's go; why should the night be spoiled for us?"

But Mildred hesitated. She thought of the injured girl. Known as one of the liveliest in the set, she had a very good, generous heart. And just now in some inexplicable way this unknown girl's plight touched her. Perhaps too her own chagrin over her broken love affair made her more sympathetic and not so eager for the dance as she at first seemed.

At any rate, when the superintendent of nurses reached the room, Mildred was alone.

"Are you getting ready to go out, Miss Hall?" asked she, addressing Mildred.

"Yes, I am—you know this is the Union Ball for the nurses."

"Ah, yes," replied the superintendent; "too bad that this should come just this night. But would you mind remaining? There seems to be no one else to ask. An emergency case has just been brought in—a very serious case and quite pitiable. An experienced hand is needed. Will you stay to take it in hand?"

"Why, yes, Miss Torrant," Mildred answered; "I don't mind very much. I shall be ready in a little while—as quickly as I can get into my uniform. What room is it?"

"Just come up to the operating room," the superintendent replied. "The girl is up there for the present and we may just be finishing by the time you come. I am glad you are willing to stay. There is very little chance for the girl, you see; it is really a bad case—an automobile accident."

Having informed the girl in the office to tell Bert Hocking, should he come, of her engagement, Mildred hurried to her room and changed to her uniform faster than she ever did before. Funny that this case had to come this night—of course such cases came almost every hour and any hour, she knew; and yet it seemed quite strange to her that it had to come under such circumstances. All the while she dressed she thought of the injured girl.

Now and again her thoughts went back to the ball and the fun she was sacrificing. She wondered who would be there. Would Ferring come with someone else? And quickly she told herself: "Oh, I'm not missing so much anyway—not much!"

She came hurrying down the corridor toward the operating room just as the patient was being wheeled out. The superintendent beckoned to Mildred.

"She's being taken to her room now; I shall leave you in charge.



The doctor will give you all necessary instructions. It's a hopeless case."

The girl was still under the effect of the anaesthetic. She was put to bed with all the tenderness and care which her long training and experience had taught Mildred.

"Not much to be done," said the doctor as he stepped into the room and bent over the patient to look at the bandages once more. "She is quite beyond help—our help at least. Here is the chart." Then he gave her some instructions as to what he wanted done should she wake.

When he left, Mildred, having arranged all things to her satisfaction, sat down by the bedside to study her patient.

"What a sweet face," she thought—"how serene and calm it seems! But worn, nevertheless—I wonder what she was?" She rose to hang up the few garments that lay on the cot. She noted that they were quite simple and plain. Something fell to the floor. She picked it up—a rosary.

"Ah," she said to herself, "like Ferring—a Catholic."

Presently the injured girl in bed gave a start; her eyes opened wide—big, blue eyes they were—clearly she was wondering where she was. Gradually understanding came into her eyes, and she asked:

"Where is he?" She spoke with evident effort and pain.

"Who, dear?" asked Mildred, hurrying to the bedside.

"The young man who picked me up," replied the patient. "I was just coming from church—from confession—when, like a flash—perhaps I was dreamy—I know I was still thinking of my prayers—a machine struck me and knocked me down. It drove on—kept on—and then, the next thing I know is—a young man was putting me into his car. He said he would take me to the hospital—that's where I am, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mildred, "the Harbor Hospital."

Another spasm of pain shook the patient's body and for a moment she writhed slightly. Mildred was deeply touched. She knew she could do nothing to relieve her, but she tried to help psychologically at least by a gentle touch.

"Have they notified your mother?" she asked the patient.

"Mother knows," she replied. "She is in heaven," she added after a pause.

"Or your father?"

The girl did not answer; nor did Mildred press her, surmising that something was wrong.

"I don't know where he is," she spoke at last. "God have mercy on him. I grew up in an orphanage."

"You have no one then whom we might notify?"

"No one; I lived alone—working and boarding. Could you call the priest for me? Ah," she sighed; what pain was in that sigh! Yet what resignation and patience, too.

"Yes, I shall call the priest at once; you had better not talk any more; it is too hard on you." There was no need of that advice. Overcome by sheer weakness and suffering the girl's eyes closed.

Mildred stole out quietly in order to telephone for the priest. The housekeeper answered the call saying that the priest was just out on another sick call, but would be told about this one as soon as he returned. As she returned to the bedside, the patient's eyes opened with silent questioning.

"No," said the nurse, "the priest is not here; he is attending another call just now; but he will come as soon as possible."

"God's will," murmured the suffering girl resignedly. She was used to being alone with God and, having just been to confession, she seemed content to go down into the Valley alone.

The night wore on. As she watched her patient, Mildred saw how from time to time a spasm of pain convulsed the broken and shattered frame. From time to time, too, the patient murmured feebly. Mildred bent over to hear better.

"My Jesus, mercy!" she now heard distinctly. It touched her to the quick. It was so sacred—so new to her. Suddenly the patient opened her eyes and looked about. She seemed to be feeling for something. Mildred remembered the rosary and hurried to bring it. It brought a sweet smile to the thin white lips, as the girl took the little cross and kissed it.

"Can I help you in any way?" asked Mildred tenderly. The patient looked at her with wondering eyes for awhile.

"You are not a Catholic?" she asked at length.

Mildred shook her head slowly; she could hardly say she was anything. The patient's eyes closed again, remaining closed for so long that more than once Mildred felt the girl's pulse to assure herself that she was still living. Presently she murmured again, and the nurse, listening intently, could hear her say:

"Sweet Heart of Jesus be my love!"

"Mary—Mary—Mother—ever help!"

"Sweet Jesus—all—all—this suffering, too—for Thee—with Thee."

Mildred was overwhelmed with astonishment. It was almost unintelligible to her. She knew how the girl must have been suffering—she had seen too many cases of the same kind before not to understand that. But to hear no complaint—to perceive no whimper of impatience—to find only the purest resignation to God's will in a situation where nothing, simply nothing, could be done except to await in the midst of pain the passing of life and the whirr of the wings of the angel of Death, this was something quite new to her.

And to see the surety with which this girl looked forward, as if through death's dark portals she caught a glimpse of a light beyond—to see how real Jesus and Mary, about whom she had heard something before back in the days of an intermittent Sunday school, were to her—to hear this girl speak to them as if they stood by her bedside lovingly interested in her agony—to hear her prayers, so sincere, so tender, devoid of all thought of self and only professing her love for Our Lord and our blessed Mother, together with her ready and even joyful acceptance of the suffering which she could not prevent—all this was a revelation to Mildred.

To hear a child converse intimately and lovingly with a beloved mother or father would have touched her deeply, but not as this touched her. She began to feel as if this girl were speaking to a mother and father who were her own but whom she had lost a long while ago. It stirred her heart to its depths. Her eyes became misty. This girl, in her poverty and loneliness, had something which in all her gay and care-free life she had been longing for. This was not make-believe; this was reality.

God—heaven—seemed to be so near this girl that she seemed holy to Mildred. A sudden urge seized her to kneel beside her bed—not to pray for her, nor even with her—but to ask her to pray for her.

Again the patient opened her eyes, wide with wonderment, as if she expected to see a vision. Her glance fell upon the nurse kneeling at her side. She smiled sweetly, with a smile of full understanding.

"My dear," said the nurse following her first impulse, "will you please pray for me?"

"Pray for you?—I shall never forget you—not even then. How could I? Aren't you spending this one big night with me so patiently?"

A moment after the patient had resumed her prayers. Fainter and fainter they grew, more and more tender, surer and surer. Mildred hardly realized that the night was passing.

"My Jesus," murmured the girl again, more haltingly, but with more fervor than ever, "I loved—I love You." It was so poignant that quite a while elapsed before Mildred realized that the voice was still. It was with a start that she noticed how motionless the girl was. She felt her pulse—she looked into her eyes; the girl was dead. Still those last words rang in Mildred's ears.

No one there—not a relative—not a friend—only the nurse who had been a stranger in faith as in life! But how close had Our Lord and His Mother been!

In the midst of her wonderment the superintendent stepped in.

"Well, Miss Hall, I've come to release you. I am really sorry I had to trouble you with this case; but—"

"Trouble me," replied Mildred impetuously, "why, Miss Torrant, it wasn't the least trouble at all. I spent the most wonderful night in my life. That girl's death was a sight for the angels."

"You seem strangely affected, girl," said the superintendent.

"Miss Torrant, you should have heard and seen what I have seen and heard. I bless this night."

While they were speaking a young man entered hastily.

"Pardon me," he said to the superintendent; "I was directed to this room. I have come to see the girl who was brought here last night—the one that was injured in the automobile accident . . . Why," he stopped short at the sight of the nurse—"Miss Hall! How do you do?"

"How do you do, Mr. Ferring! This is the girl you are looking for. She died early this morning—just a while ago, in fact."

"Died! I have been seeking her father and at last succeeded in locating him. I meant to bring him in the morning; I wanted to tell the girl this. Tell me, how did she die?"

"Jack, she died like an angel," answered the nurse fervently.

"That's bad theology," said the young man, "but I know what you mean; like an angel would die if he could die."

"Well, anything you like—I don't know much about that. But will you tell me where the nearest Catholic priest lives?"

"Why?" asked Jack. "Did the girl leave any message? I could take it, if you didn't care to go."

"No—I'll take this message myself ; it concerns me."

"I'll take you over as soon as you care to go ; my car is outside."

"At three o'clock in the morning, eh? That would be fine and we'd be very welcome, wouldn't we?" she said smiling. "No, now I must be off to bed ; I've been with this girl all night."

"Mildred!" exclaimed the young man ; "all night here, when you could have been at the dance ; it's so like your big-hearted self."

"Big-hearted—oh, I suppose I grumbled a bit about it ; but I'm not feeling as if I had done anything—it was a blessing to me. But say—what did you have to do with this girl?"

"Why, nothing at all ; never even knew her. I was just coming away from the church—"

"From—from—confession?" asked the girl, as if pursuing her own thoughts.

"Yes—and I just happened to reach the corner after the accident. I picked her up and brought her here. She mentioned her father and I went to look for him."

"All night long?" said Mildred.

"Honestly—and that's all," he hastened to say.

"Queer, isn't it?" remarked the nurse again following her own thoughts. "But will you take me to see the priest this afternoon about four o'clock?"

Jack looked at her in wonderment.

"If you want to know," she said, amused at his astonishment, "I simply must know as much about the Catholic Faith as this girl knew. If I ever come to die I want to die like that. Now, will you come to introduce me to the priest?"

"If I'm one minute late, you'll know that my Ford was wrecked trying to beat a taxi!"

"Good-bye," she said smiling, "see that you get to bed, young man!"

Before Jack could answer she was gone. Then he turned to the bed where the poor girl lay. He folded her hands as for prayer. Taking the rosary, he wove it around her fingers so that the cross showed. Then he knelt to say a prayer. But in his mind he wondered what had happened that night.

"This was one big night," he finally said to himself.

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Diligence is the mother of good luck.

# Catholic Anecdotes

## ANOTHER NAME

James J. Walsh in the current Catholic World tells a little story about Huxley, the prophet of agnosticism.

When Huxley declared that we could not know enough about the other world, and the possible existence of a spirit universe, to allow that knowledge to influence our conduct and mental attitude in this world, and invented the word agnostic to represent that state of mind, Aubrey de Vere, the well-known Irish poet, who had known Huxley well for many years and had been, I believe, at the university with him, said to him one day:

"You know, Huxley, you are very much opposed to the invention of new words for which we already have terms in the language. Why then did you invent that word agnostic since we have a word in common use in English which conveys the idea which you want to express?"

"But what is it?" said Huxley; "I do not know it."

"Well," Aubrey de Vere said, "it is a familiar word adopted from the Latin, but if you had chosen to call yourself by it, instead of that nice, long, mouth-filling Greek word agnostic, it is very probable you would not have had so many followers. There would not have been so many people anxious to be called by it. The word is 'ignoramus,' and it expresses exactly the idea you were groping after in agnostic."

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT

The still form of a little boy lay in a coffin surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room and asked to look at the lovely face. "You wonder that I care so much," he said as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time I was coming down a very long ladder from a very high roof and found your little boy close behind me when I reached the ground. He looked up in my face with a childish wonder and asked frankly: 'Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?' and before I had time to answer, he said: 'Ah, I know why you were not afraid

—you had said your prayers this morning before you went to work.' I had not prayed, but I never forget to pray from that day to this, and by God's blessing I never will."

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### A FULL-TIME JOB

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Father Bernard Vaughan was one day walking along a street in Manchester, when a man suddenly addressed him with the words:

"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and you will be saved."

"Thank you," said Father Vaughan; "that's a very good text, a very good text indeed. But wait a moment. I did not ask you for it, did I?"

"No, sir," replied the man.

"Then it is only fair that I should give you one in return, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," answered the man.

"Then here you are: 'If you would enter into life, keep the commandments.' You will find it a full-time job."

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### STORING AWAY BEAUTY

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A touching story is told of a young man who was rapidly and surely losing his eyesight. The physicians told him that he would not be able to see but for a few more months. At once, accompanied by a sister, he set out to travel over Europe, taking a last look at the beautiful things of the world, before his eyes should be closed forever.

He wished to have his memory stored with lovely pictures of mountains, lakes and waterfalls, of fine buildings and works of art, so that, when he should no longer be able to see, he might have these beautiful visions in his soul to lighten his gloom.

Today we are in life's rich sunshine, comments an Exchange, with beauty all around us. But darkness will come to us sometime, days when the light will fade away, the vision grow dim and the shadows thicken about us. We should prepare now, while we can see, against the coming days of darkness. We should walk in the light while we have the light. We should gather while we may into our hearts all the love, joy, gladness that we can store there. Then when the night settles down about us we shall have light shining within.

# Pointed Paragraphs

## SIGNIFICANT HEADLINES

"Nine Religious (girls) Pronounce Vows at Motherhouse"—"Received Habit of Carmelite Sisters"—"Twelve Novices Pronounce Vows and Fourteen Postulants Receive Habit of Sisters of Charity"—"Twelve Sisters make Profession in Order of the Holy Child Jesus and Five Postulants Receive Habit"—"Twelve Sisters Receive Habit at Stella Niagara"—

These are headlines from a single issue of one of our Catholic weeklies. They could be multiplied by a glance through other Catholic papers for the first week of September.

They are significant. They bring to our mind the convents that stud this fair land of ours, filled with men and women who devote their lives to the service of God and man.

They bring to our minds the affecting picture of those days of consecration, when maidens and young lads, freely and lovingly, sacrifice all life's prospects and enter on the "high adventure" of religious life.

They bring to our minds the generosity of fathers and mothers who gladly bring to God the children they have so carefully trained.

We feel stronger, better, prouder, because our Faith still has this wonderful vitality and force that for its sake youth is ready to make the great sacrifice—not to die for it—but to live and labor in it till death.

## ONWARD STILL

"An increase in enrollment in both elementary and secondary schools marked the resumption of classes in the educational institutions of the archdiocese," reports an eastern Catholic paper.

"Our new Catholic Girls' High School and three new parochial schools open this year."

"Registration Largest in History of Schools," we read in the Catholic weekly of another city.



"Parish schools open with largest enrollment in History," says a mid-west Catholic paper.

"Records broken by Registration in Catholic Schools," comes as news from the far West.

The Parish School is one of the greatest achievements of American Catholics. It represents sacrifice; it represents love of learning; it represents above all love for our Holy Religion, our Faith; it represents true care for the souls of our children; it represents also true patriotism—for there is no agency for the growth and development of enlightened, staunch, real patriotism like the Parish Schools.

God bless our schools. May He make them grow not only in members, but also in efficiency.

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### TAXES SAVED BY THE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

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By providing schools and teachers for 690 Catholic children in Santa Barbara, California, the Ecclesiastical authorities of the diocese of Los Angeles and San Diego are saving that municipality more than \$68,500 a year in taxes. In other words, if the Catholic schools and teachers were to cease their activities, the taxpayer of the city would have to add \$68,500 annually to their present tax burdens. The authority for this statement is H. A. Adrian, former mayor and former superintendent of public schools of Santa Barbara, who appeared before the city council to urge that taxes on Catholic schools be reduced.

Taking Mr. Adrian's figures as a basis, it appears that the rate of saving to the city of Santa Barbara by reason of the Catholic expenditure for education there is at the rate of nearly \$100 each for all the Catholic children instructed in the parochial schools of the place. That average, considering the investment in land and structures, the cost of maintenance, the salaries of teachers, and the general expense of administration, etc., is none too high. Certainly it is less than the cost per pupil in the Catholic schools of large cities where the value of properties in use for the Catholic educational purposes runs into millions of dollars, and it unquestionably falls far short of the expense of educating Catholic youth in colleges and universities.

But assuming that Catholic schools represent a saving of \$100 in taxes for every child they accommodate and educate, the gain for the taxpayers in the United States as a whole is not less than \$231,600,000

a year. Even that, of course, is not the total saving. If the enemies of the Catholic Church should ever succeed in closing her schools and force her children into those under control of the State, the taxpayers would have to make a gigantic expenditure for new grounds, buildings, equipment and teachers to meet the new demand. Just how much this outlay would have to be is impossible to estimate with precision, but some notion of it can be gathered. At present there are 2,316,375 children in Catholic elementary and secondary schools in the United States. If their education in public schools would cost the State an average of \$100 per pupil a year, then the private investment and expense in their behalf saves taxpayers—mostly non-Catholics—the equivalent of six per cent on an investment of \$3,850,000,000.

Abolition of the Catholic schools, therefore, would be a problem for others than Catholics. The taxpayers of the country would do well to count the cost of bigotry.

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### CRUMBLING DELUSIONS

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Certain Protestant denominations have sought comfort from the fact that the Catholic Faith was being persecuted in Mexico; and some even endeavored to profit by it for themselves, through Moses Saenz, Assistant Secretary of Education in the Mexican Cabinet. In fact, in a speech delivered in the United States, Mr. Saenz declared that Protestantism represented "an interpretation which is more needed in Mexico, the Christianity of social service, of a well-ordered life, of a simple conscience and the education of the masses," and that Protestantism is contributing to the formation "of a middle class" which is destined to become a dominant force in Mexico. Mr. Saenz himself served as a Protestant minister.

But the C. R. O. M., the all-powerful labor organization of Mexico, shatters all such delusions. It makes the issue clear as a revolution against all Christianity. Through its Secretary General, Ricardo Trevino, it declares:

"The Central Committee of the C. R. O. M. will fight the Protestants because this is in accordance with the program of the Revolution."

"Let Protestantism understand once and for all," cried Mr. Tolendano, Assistant Secretary of the Committee on Education, "that we refuse to open the doors of Mexico for it to enter. We do not accept

its program brought to us disguised as love. That religion is cold. It can never take roots in the warm hearts of the descendants of the Spaniard and the Indian.

"With regard to our moral liberation, to the spiritual regeneration of the nation," he continued, "we hold that an end must be put to a movement which, apparently with the protection of our Government, is seeking to introduce among us a civilization from the north which is inferior. . . ."

And Ricardo Trevino, Secretary General of the C. R. O. M., once more said:

"The Committee has received information to the effect that agents of various religious sects are working among the workingmen, carrying on their religious propaganda, and this work is as much to be deplored as is that of the Catholic curate."

"Today Protestantism is seeking to take advantage of this conflict which at the bottom is economic and political. We raise a voice of protest against Protestantism. We are not Protestants. We do not accept their program disguised as love. The way of the lodge is past (he had blamed the introduction of Protestantism into Mexico on the Masons) . . . Masonry is an anachronism . . ." And much more to this effect.

Of course, Mr. Saenz hastened to disavow his utterances while in the United States. And his disavowal is couched in terms which, if cowardly, at least show that the aim of the powers that rule in Mexico at present is the total destruction of all religion. He said:

"I did indeed discuss the desirability of a change of religion for Mexico, but I do not believe myself, and therefore, I did not say that this change should consist in a replacement of Catholicism by Protestantism."

We do not quote these wild utterances in order to gloat over the ills of our non-Catholic brethren; far from it; but merely to show them how really "entangling" their alliance with the Mexican Government is, if they are Christian at all.

And we would like to ask: If so much news can come through, why does not some of it figure in the daily papers? Surely here are issues that affect all Christian people more than, say, "Bucharest's Gossips Gloat Over Scandal about Princess Ileana."

### THE WHISPER GROWS

"One of the outstanding moments of the Philadelphia Convention of the Catholic Central Verein of America and the Catholic Women's Union—one of those moments in which the real intent of the endeavors of our movement to promote the cause of Catholic Action, so dear to the heart of our Holy Father, was most vividly presented to the participants, was the hour on Tuesday morning, Aug. 23, when the delegates were assembled for divine services in the spacious crypt of St. Peter's Church.

Following the High Mass for the deceased members of the Verein, celebrated over the tomb of the Venerable Bishop Neumann, C.Ss.R., fourth Bishop of Philadelphia, the Rev. John Beierschmidt, C.Ss.R., of New York, pronounced a panegyric on the saintly Bishop, whom the Central Verein had assembled to venerate and for whose early beatification they had assembled to pray. After picturing the life and labors of this saintly Bishop, Father Beierschmidt concluded:

"Looking over this brief sketch of his (Bishop Neumann's) life, and looking at the aims of the Catholic Central Verein today, we cannot help saying that, had he lived, he would have been one of the foremost champions of these aims. 'The spirit of intelligent Catholic union, of practical appreciation of the needs of Christian education, co-operation in the works of public charity, civic order and sound patriotism, is consistently illustrated by the Catholic Central Verein of America.' So says the brilliant and discerning editor of the *AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW*. And such was the spirit of Venerable Bishop Neumann.

"Kneeling at his tomb today, let us learn from him new love and loyalty for our Central Verein. May the marble tomb, which shelters his remains, be as a marble fount, from which we draw new inspiration, to value our faith and put it into practice, to cherish Catholic ideals and foster Catholic Action, to do as Neumann did, in the words of Benedict XV: 'Accomplish great things in an unpretentious way.'"

One of the Resolutions formed and adopted by the 71st General Convention by the Catholic Central Verein of America is the following: (Cfr. *Central-Blatt and Social Justice* for September, 1927, pg. 185):

"Meeting as we do in the city sanctified by the life and labors

of the Venerable John Nep. Neumann, C.Ss.R., fourth Bishop of Philadelphia, we confidently look forward to the time when this great pioneer Bishop, with whose aims in questions of religion, education, and social and charitable activities those the Central Verein seeks to promote are identical in principle, and whose virtues have been officially declared heroic by the Holy See, will be raised to the honor of our altars and numbered among the Blessed."

We are glad to quote this extract from the September issue of the Central-Blatt and Social Justice, the organ of the Central Verein.

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### GETTING THE NEWS OUT OF MEXICO

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The Chicago Tribune, in its issue for Sept. 18, replies to the complaint made pretty generally in the Catholic press against the daily papers for not printing news from Mexico. We read the daily papers—and let me say, the Chicago Tribune especially—for the sake of the news of the day.

The Tribune editor felt nettled at the complaint. He showed it in his editorial. We are glad to see that at least he felt responsible, even though his reply does not seem altogether satisfactory.

Incidentally he shows that there is news to report from Mexico. Take this for instance, from his own editorial:

The news from Mexico is deplorably inadequate and we should be glad to have any competent aid to improve it. But the difficulty does not exist in American newspaper offices or with American newspaper correspondents. The trouble is in Mexico, where the powers that control do not wish and cannot afford to have the news exported. The official censorship in Mexico is drastic and unashamed and it is backed by an espionage which would not be scorned by the soviet's cheka. The foreign correspondents in Mexico are in danger of expulsion or imprisonment, if not worse, if they try to send out news the government deems seriously hurtful to its interests. Their matter is repeatedly stopped or censored and any correspondent who wrote freely would soon find that any usefulness whatever was at an end. In this situation compromise or complete defeat are the alternatives.

A similar situation exists in Russia, the policy of the soviet varying from time to time. It is met by different newspapers by different policies. Some compromise. Some get out. The Tribune got out. In

Mexico The Tribune tries to go along for the sake of getting out all the news it can from a field of importance to American readers. It regrets not being able to give a more comprehensive picture of Mexican conditions, for if we are to have an intelligent policy in Mexican relations American opinion must disabuse itself of some inapplicable theories, false premises, and ill-advised interpretations of fact.

This is news worthy of a headline. Barbarism looms at our southern gates. The Neanderthal man again stalks the wilds of the Mexican Capital. Even evolutionists ought to be interested.

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### THE MEASURE OF THE CHURCH TO THE WORLD

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Archbishop Fumasoni-Biondi, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, addressing the Knights of Columbus recently, commented upon the twofold ideal of the organization—of serving God and country. He said:

"Patriotism is a commonplace in Catholic doctrine. You hear it from the lips of Christ, you read it in the inspired epistles of His Apostles, and you have it unequivocally taught to you and your children by the bishops and priests of today.

"This divinely imposed obligation is immeasurably enhanced, ennobled and sustained by that other duty with which it must go hand in hand, and which demands of you loyalty and fidelity to the religion which was founded by Christ.

"The emblem of that religion is the Cross of Jesus Christ—the symbol par excellence of self-sacrifice, and throughout the entire history of human institutions there has never been anything comparable to the Catholic Church for inspiring in the conscience of its members a sense and a conviction of their duty toward their country and their fellow man."

Reporting these words of the Apostolic Delegate, the N. C. W. C. Bulletin is reminded of some words in The Sign. The writer says:

"We ourselves often cause misunderstanding by failure either to explain our position clearly or to make it known. The Catholic has the duty by word and example of showing the harmonious cooperation of Americanism and Catholicism; of showing that Catholics can be good Americans; that they must be good Americans else they are not good Catholics. The great Cardinal Newman, who in his own day

brilliantly met the same charge that is current today, has left a word we can ponder: 'The layman is the measure of the Church to the non-Catholic.'

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### PROFESSOR SLASH AND HIS KIND

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Mrs. Kathleen Norris, the well-known novelist, who knows the ways of the world so well that she finds a call for her articles even in our great daily papers, and who always writes with uncommon common sense, recently wrote an article on "Religion and Modern Youth." She is close to Modern Youth and knows its thoughts and doings.

To the non-religious and the un-religious university and college she attributes a great deal of the lack of faith that characterizes to such an extent the young folk of today.

Here, she says, is the attitude of many a young chap, many a young girl, who has been to college and who has imbibed that little learning that is for many an exceedingly dangerous thing.

"It's all nonsense. God and prayer and all that. You can't prove any of it. Listen to what Professor Slash says.

"Professor Slash is probably getting \$5,000 a year at the university. He is a gentle and thoughtful man, who read too much of Nietzsche and Kant and Darwin and the rest of them before his brain jellied. He shakes his head and smiles gently and tolerantly at the four Gospels. He calls the life of Christ a very beautiful legend.

"But, insignificant as Professor Slash is, he gets hold of your boy and mine at a crucial and impressionable moment in their lives, and they never quite forget his pleasant, cultivated voice, or the devastating phrases that take away their faith, or try to. They are too young to appreciate his total unimportance in the scheme; he is a teacher, is all they know. And when they are thirty or forty, they will still be quoting Professor Slash vaguely: 'A feller at the university said once that you couldn't prove any of this religion stuff.'"

That is the swaggering wisdom of Modern Youth.

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We should have charity towards all men; but intimacy is not expedient.

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He that can have patience can have what he will.



# Our Lady's Page

## Our Lady of Perpetual Help

### AT ALL TIMES

The Church has never grown weary of praising and honoring Mary. Consider the many days in the year that are consecrated to her honor; the solemnity and the frequency of her feasts. The hymns in her honor are numberless. She is extolled by the clergy, revered by the nations, esteemed and honored by all that are of good will and truly sincere heart.

Yet he, who would have a true idea of the veneration of this good Mother, would have to pass through all Catholic lands to observe the fervent multitudes that crowd the sanctuaries of Our Lady. Mindful of her favors the faithful have and do call upon her as: Our Lady of Loretto, Our Lady of Einsiedeln, Our Lady of La Salette, Our Lady of Lourdes, Our Lady of Guadalupe and a host of others. All Europe is filled with her sanctuaries. And even America is beginning to have shrines of its own that threaten at this day to rival some of the older wonder-places of Europe.

And our sweet-faced Lady of Perpetual Help smiles upon these throngs who visit her shrines and graciously hears their many prayers. For one it is the granting of some temporal favor; for another it is the graces needed for a better life; for another it is some favor to one in whom this person is interested. The list of favors granted through Mary's intercession is almost an endless list, running as it does through the entire gamut of human miseries and ills.

No age has been without her aid. Witness even the great St. Augustine pouring out his heart in the most fervent prayer to her in gratitude. Hear St. Germanus extolling her praises. Listen to the great St. John Chrysostom and to a St. Anselm singing her praises in the most beautiful of language. Behold a St. Dominic preaching her Rosary and meeting with the greatest success! Again a St. Vincent Ferrer preaching her power and her mercy! St. Francis Xavier explaining her power to the natives of far-off India and finding ready listeners! Read the inspired writings of a St. Alphonsus about this



wonderful Lady and Queen! All betoken the fact that she has been an aid to the Christian soul from the very inception of the Christian era.

Is it any wonder then that the poets have found in her the greatest and healthiest source of their inspiration? Or that the painter has found in her image the sweetest and most compelling subject for his brush and his colors?

Thus it has been from the time of the miracle at Cana and will be till this earth is no more. We have no way of telling how often Mary has changed the waters of tribulation into the wine of joy; how often she has changed the waters of sorrow into happiness; how often she has changed the waters of sin into the wine of virtues. But the universal veneration of mankind is proof of the fact that it has been done through her intercession times without number.

It has been well said of her: "Let us go with joy to the fountain of grace, which is Mary, and we shall find grace and help in the time of need."

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#### IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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"Thanks to the Venerable John N. Neumann and the Mother of Perpetual Help for a favor granted. This was not a miraculous favor, just a small favor."—N. O.

"Thanks for relief in severe temptations to Our Lady of Perpetual Help."—Wis.

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#### MY TREASURE

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I'd rather have Thy Cross, dear Lord,  
To hide within my heart,  
Than any gift that mortal hands  
Have power to impart.  
I'd rather have this Cross of Thine  
To keep within my breast  
Than any shining dower of gold  
By Croesus e'er possessed.  
Ah Lord, no sweeter thing I'd ask  
Than this to come to me,  
That I may have Thy Cross for crown  
Through all eternity.

## Catholic Events

The annual meeting of the American Hierarchy at the Catholic University during the second week in September was made memorable by the receipt of a letter from Pope Pius XI. The Holy Father first congratulates them on their work in their own dioceses:

"Again and again, as occasion offered, we have congratulated you on your splendid zeal, for as much as you have continually rendered meritorious service to the Church by the assiduous administration of your own dioceses, by generously coming to the aid of various peoples suffering from grave disasters, and finally by carrying to a happy issue undertakings of the greatest value to our holy Faith."

He then commends their work for Mexico, done to a great extent through the National Catholic Welfare Conference:

"Thus quite recently we have learnt with great pleasure from our Apostolic Delegate at Washington how zealously the organization known as the National Catholic Welfare Conference has hitherto striven to defend and in every possible way to succor the Church in Mexico which has been so sorely tried. When the Mexican Bishops, in the first instance, appealed to you, citizens of a neighboring and prosperous nation, for help and comfort, you hastened to provide both in a generous measure. You not only gave the widest publicity to our Encyclical 'Iniquis Afflictisque', and upheld the Mexican Hierarchy in their public protest against iniquitous laws, but you yourselves issued a splendid statement wherein you made known to all, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, the truth regarding the Mexican situation, thereby vigorously defending and furthering the cause of Holy Church."

The Holy Father then commends especially the National Catholic Welfare Conference and blesses the work of the Hierarchy:

"Hence appears with abundant evidence how timely and useful was the organization of the National Catholic Welfare Conference which you lately established with its departments, the News Service and the Bureau of Immigration. This organization is not only useful but also necessary for you . . . Cease not therefore to labor in this spirit of unity for the welfare of our holy religion, in that great Republic where the Church, under God's providence, enjoys such wide freedom and such a high degree of prosperity . . . Meanwhile, we bestow well deserved praise, first upon you who are so loyal to this Apostolic See, and then upon all those who in any way co-operate with you in this great work."

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The Vatican Library, perhaps the most valuable in the world, is to be thoroughly classified and catalogued for the benefit of scholars all over the world. Dr. W. W. Bishop, Librarian of the University of Michigan, was invited to Rome last June to study the situation of the

Vatican Library. At the same time Msgr. Tisserant, Assistant Librarian of the Vatican, visited the United States, where he spent three months studying the principal American libraries. Four members of the Vatican Library staff were designated by Cardinal Gasquet to study library organization in the United States for the next academic year.

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Pope Pius will personally consecrate the new native Japanese bishop, Msgr. Hayasaka, toward the end of October. The consecration will take place in the Vatican Basilica. Msgr. Hayasaka is the first native of Japan to be raised to the Episcopal dignity. He will be Bishop of Nagasaki. Born in Hakadote in 1885, he was trained in Japan and later was a student in the seminary of the Propaganda at Rome. After his return to Japan he was secretary to the Apostolic Delegate and served as theologian of the Council of Tokyo.

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In opening the thirty-second session of the Mexican Congress on Sept. 1, President Calles told the lawmakers that he was applying article 130 of the Constitution (against religion) with justice and rigor, that the Mexican people show that they are indifferent to the suspension of religious worship, and that he will continue to mete out drastic punishment "for the public disowning of the laws dictated on this matter."

\* \* \*

Reports of killings coming from Mexico, indeed, prove that Calles is continuing his uncivilized career, but at the same time refute his charge that the Mexican people have grown indifferent. People who die for their faith, can hardly be said to be indifferent.

For instance, federal troops raided the Headquarters of the Religious Defense League at Leon. A meeting was being held according to reports, and Florentino Alvarez, presiding officer, Pedro Vargas, secretary, and some thirty attendants at the meeting were arrested. Pedro Vargas is a brother of Salvador Vargas, who was executed last January after a similar raid.

The prisoners were held for two days; then, without trial, Alvarez was ordered shot by the commanding officer and was executed before his companions. The women were released and the remaining seventeen men were sent to Mexico City for deportation to the Criminal Colony at Islas Marias.

\* \* \*

Archbishop Hanna, of San Francisco, shows the mendacity of Calles' statements, by reviewing the situation.

"At the very time when Mr. Calles was preparing his statement, twenty-two Mexican Archbishops and Bishops, hundreds of Mexican priests, and thousands of lay men and women were suffering in exile because they refuse to accept the anti-religious program of Mr. Calles. Hundreds more are languishing in pestilential penal colonies and in noisome underground cells in Mexico.

"The martyrs who laid down their lives in Puebla, in Zamora, in Leon, in Guadalajara, in Durango, in Michoacan, in Jalisco, and a thou-

sand Mexican villages; the hundreds of priests who, hunted by spies and assassins, at the risk of their lives are still faithful to the duties of their ministry in Mexico; the thousands of Catholic men and women who are risking everything to attend religious services in hiding; the homes that have been searched, the property that has been confiscated, the lives that have been taken, all in violation of the law even in Mexico; the women who, because they refuse to deny their faith have been delivered to the lust of scoundrels and cowards, these and a thousand more are the evidences with which the people of Mexico defend themselves against the charge that they have forgotten their religious traditions and abandoned the defense of liberty and justice."

As Chairman of the Administrative Committee of Bishops of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, Archbishop Hanna is in a position to know the truth of the situation.

\* \* \*

A plea for more negro priests in the Catholic Church was voiced by speakers at the annual convention of the Federated Colored Catholics of the United States held in New York. Approximately seventy-five persons, including sixty delegates, were present.

Dr. Thomas W. Turner, president of the federation and president of the Hampton Institute, Hampton, Vt., urged the education of Catholic negro students for the priesthood. Native priests were provided in China, Japan and Mexico, he said, and the American negro also wanted priests of his race. He said there were about 250,000 negro Catholics in the United States.

\* \* \*

More than half a million abandoned pagan infants and waifs were baptized in 1926 through the instrumentality of the Association of the Holy Childhood, an international organization of Catholic children for the redemption of heathen children. This appears from the report of the national director of the Society in the United States.

These baptisms, 561,289 in all, surpass in numbers those of 1925 by 69,355, an achievement that has brought great joy to the Holy Father. The children of the United States contributed \$136,519—\$11,000 less than the children of Germany, the largest donors to the fund.

\* \* \*

Col. John T. Axton (Prot.), Chief of Chaplains, United States Army, in an address at Chevy Chase Presbyterian church in Washington, said:

"The place and hour for public worship must not become forums for the discussion of every theme under the sun to the exclusion of religion, if men are to be kept keenly interested in the church as an organization. Instead of telling their congregations of the life of Jesus Christ, who will show them what to become and how to become it, a great many clergymen today devoted entire sermons to discussions of the Chinese question, international relations, troubles between capital and labor, current railroad rates and the like."

He gave this as a reason for the decreased membership in Protestant churches.

## Some Good Books

*Father Tim's Talks With People He Met.* Volume VI. By C. D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R. Published by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. Price, \$1.25.

This is the sixth volume of Father Tim's Talks—evidence enough of their popularity. Readers of the Liguorian know and love Father Tim; he needs no introduction to them; your friends will thank you for being introduced to him.

I know of no better book of the kind. Father Tim has found an excellent medium for conveying instruction and information about Catholic teaching, practice and devotion, and he uses it in an inimitable way.

There is a practicalness of viewpoint, a clearness of perception, a saneness of judgment and a moderation of statement that at once appeals and satisfies.

Whether it is courtship or church ceremonies, motion pictures or the young ladies' sodality, the three Hail Marys or Extreme Unction, that he considers—always it is woven into a picture that everyone will recognize as "a slice of life."

Father Tim's Talks deserve to be popular—and to be read.—A. T. Z.

*Your Religion; What It Means to You.* By Rev. W. H. Russell. Published by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$1.75.

This book is an attempt to weave the teaching of religious truths and practices around the personality of Christ. Thus the author states his purpose. It is meant to serve as a text for the last year of senior high school, and to be supplemented by other books, which are mentioned and listed. It leaves the old "catechism method," and strives, while teaching our Faith or recalling it to mind, to make the student understand it better and love it.

The author himself further describes his purpose: "Throughout this book the author aims to make Christ the central figure in each growing life. He aims to leave the student with the

conviction that religion, as a study, is a life effort, and as a virtue, is acquired only through personal striving. The purpose of this book is to instill a spirit, to develop an attitude." In the hands of a teacher who has this spirit and attitude it must make a splendid text for the more advanced student. And, it seems to me, it ought to serve very well too for one who is trying to instruct himself better in the Faith.

—A. T. Z.

*Stock Charges Against the Bible.* Adapted from the German by Claude Kean, O.F.M. Published by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$1.25.

Among the difficulties frequently proposed to us even by casual questioners, are difficulties from the Sacred Scriptures. Magazine writers of the Rupert Hughes type or the Sunday Paper Magazine "scientists," are fond of dishing up the palpable "errors" in the Bible; by doing so they taint the faith of the unwary and weak, and make the reader believe that he is very "scientific" after absorbing these articles. In this book any reader will find a brief consideration of most of these difficulties—brief but quite satisfactory. Often the solution is so simple that you will be forced to ask: Do these so-called scientists ever read the Bible?—A. T. Z.

*Encyclicals of Pius XI.* Translated and edited by James H. Ryan of the Catholic University. Published by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. Price, \$2.25.

The introduction by James H. Ryan gives a short life of the Holy Father and a good summary of the Encyclicals, which prepares one for a better understanding of them. The nine encyclical letters that make up the volume are of deepest interest to all Catholics, not only because they are the words of our beloved Pope, but more so, because they are words of high wisdom on events of world-wide import and present interesting and valuable sidelights on Catholic teaching and history.—A. T. Z.

# Lucid Intervals

The village half wit, a florid man of heavy jowls, was in the chair of the barber shop. The village smart Aleck was standing nearby entertaining the waiting crowd.

He surveyed the half wit's expansive face and asked the barber, "How do you charge him, by the acre or square rod?"

For once the half wit's mind grasped a snappy "comeback." "If this barber charged by space he'd shave you for nothing. Your face is all mouth," he observed.

During the war a militant English crusader making patriotic speeches in Scotland stopped at a farm one evening and found a husky young Scot milking. "And why are you not at the front, my man?" asked the Englishman.

"Ah, weel," spoke up Sandy: "There's nae milk at that end."

Lecturer—Can anyone give the derivation of the word auditorium?

Listener—Yes—from AUDIO—hear and TAURUS—bull. A place where you—

Lecturer—That will do.

Hardware Clerk—I'd like to borrow a yard stick.

Dry Goods Clerk—We've nothing but a foot rule. We sell dress goods now by the inch.

Jones—I don't know what to do—buy a car or a home.

Smithers—Simple. Buy a home and mortgage it to get the car. Then you'll have both.

The barber laid aside his shears and brandished the appropriate tool. "Wet or dry, sir?" he asked.

"Never mind about my politics," growled the patron, "go ahead and comb my hair."

A great many people who are not farmers have taken up land in western states. An old-timer rode over to the

outfit of one newcomer and asked him what he had been doing before he came west.

"I was a wrestler."

"How much land have you declared on?"

"One hundred and sixty acres."

"Well, you got something to wrestle with now, bo," averred the old-timer as he gave his steed a resounding whack.

An immigrant was making his way across the Wild West in search of a man to whom he had a letter of introduction. He came across a cowboy sitting by the side of a track, and asked him if he could tell him where to find the man for whom he was looking.

"Does Big Joe live near here?" said the immigrant.

"Nope," said the cowboy.

"Well, where can I find his neighbor, Long Sam?"

"I'm Long Sam," said the cowboy.

"But they told me," said the immigrant, "that Big Joe lived within gunshot of you."

"That's right," said the cowboy, "he did."

Tommy, who had no great love for soap and water, was observed by his mother washing the forefinger of his right hand. "What's the idea of washing only one finger?" she inquired.

"The boy next door has asked me to come over and feel his baby sister's new tooth," explained Tommy.

A dentist says that he had an absent-minded motorist in his chair the other day. "Will you take gas?" he asked. "Yeah," replied the a-m patient, "and you'd better look at the oil and water."

"What are you taking those cuspidors home for?"

"I'm taking them home to my dog."

"What kind of a dog do you have, anyway?"

"Spitz."

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A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by the students after they have become priests.

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